

The History of

O, the Divell take such cozeners, God forgive me,
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,

Will easily be granted you: my Lord.
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall secretly into the bosome creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well-belov'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scrope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life it will do well.

Nor. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynde.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will alwayes think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ~~see~~ already, how it doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. He does: he does; weele be reveng'd on him

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steal to *Glendower*, and to *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong rames,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good brother, we shall thrive I trust.

Hot. Unkle, adue: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groves, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho, an it be not four by the day, Ile be hang'd,
Charles-maine is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I prethee Tom, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in
the point, poore jade is wrung in the withers out of all cresse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to give poore jades the Bots: this house is tur-
ned upside down since *Robin Ostler* died.

1 Car. Poore fellow never joyed since the price of Oates
rose, it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this to be the most villanous house in all
London road for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench? by the Masse there is ne're a King
christen could be better bit, then I have bin since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, you will allow us ne're a jordan, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like
a Loach.

1 Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of Bacon, and two rafes of ginger,
to be delivered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1 Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-
ved: what Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in
thy head? canst not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as
drink,

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